HETERODOX HAIKU
The Body Politic
Linked Forms
an Anthology

# Heterodox Haiku

Journal

in association with

NUN PROPHET PRESS

presents:

# The Body Politic:

## *Linked Forms*

### An Anthology

edited by Jerome Berglund

* FEATURED POET CHRISTINA CHIN *

Fall 2024

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***A Brief Introduction to Renku Composition*** *by John E. Carley*

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**Introduction**

# Cobblestones and the primrose path…

*mysterious ways*
*to observer appear*
*machiavellian*

Jerome Berglund

If you submit micropoetry for consideration to be potentially published, chances are some anointed, self-appointed or formally empowered authority has told you a piece or set of them is '**nOt HaIkU**'.[1] And while it's equally probable the erudite *connoisseur* delivering this irritating, distasteful chestnut is the sort who prefers to showcase and exchanges their own trite, formulaic, culturally appropriated drivel for the highest honors, there is also a very real possibility that, as the old saying goes, '*a broken* [/hackneyed] *watch is right twice a day*'.

What distinguishes our *haiku*, rebranded and polished varietals of the *hokku* of old which commenced traditional group chain poetry, is their ability to stand steadfast and confidently on their own, without support, in a vacuum of isolation. In the lengthy *renga* of antiquity this rarer style of concise verse occupied a distinctly slim spot at the head of a linking procession otherwise comprised by models of a quite different, dependent and symbiotic style of stanza which is known as the *hiraku*. Those poems could be differentiated by their unfinished, conditional character, as well as a general eschewing of the sort of strong cutting language or overt break (*kire*) the principal piece by prerequisite presented.

[1] Incidentally, for generations these have been some of the most loaded, glove-slapping-est English Language *Haikai* fightin' words a person can utter, short of referring pejoratively to submission as *senryu* with a haughty air of classist condescension.

As *haiku* absconded, diverged and became a phenomenon unto itself in its own right new configurations like the sequence (*rensaku*) and string (*gunsaku*), as well as contemporary English braidings such as the split emerged, established themselves, methodically evolving and gradually assuming acceptable conventions. But in many iterations the *hiraku* remains an integral element of modern short form poetics, and will be familiar and intuitively understood by all those who have boldly ventured into the realms of related forms such as *rengay*, *haiga*, and *haibun*. If you find you are composing a tercet or duostich which you discover and come to recognize is stronger jointly, partnered with an accommodating photograph, stanza, or snatch of prose, it's important to appreciate that is by no means a fatal criticism, design flaw or charge to be leveled against it – *or, as the august eggheads of our technocratic age might put it, such represents a 'FEATURE NOT A BUG'.*

Eastern branches of arts and literature, and *haikai* most especially, above all else are crafts of juxtaposition, comparing and contrasting, steeped in aesthetics and techniques of *toriawase*. The traditional *kasen* was populated by 35 *hiraku* in thrilling communication, which a preliminary *hokku* introduced via striking inciting incident. And there are still oodles of welcoming forums desirous for, needing these modes of work, synergy and dialogue they elicit as hybrid composites in resonance with other written or visually exhibited material. Results can be downright transcendent, serve crucially to achieve multiple objectives, fruitful purposes from fostering significant connection and discussion to harkening back to roots of venerable and time-honored practices!

Within you will discover a raucous *kasen* poem, preceded by a variety of examples of different relating core components it contains, highlighted and explored more thoroughly, including both iconography (**#flowers**, **#moons**, **#love**) and conceptual facets (**#pattern** and **#ground**, **#close** or **#distant** linkage), as well as illustrations of two shorter structures – *the bipartite tan-renga and this six segment rengay* – which employ the same principles, ideas and mechanics on smaller scales. I hope this anthology provides helpful tools for scholars and adventurous writers – *singly and in exhilarating partnerships* – interested in better understanding the rudimentary machinery of *haiku*, *senryu*, and *tanka* poetry, and that it will aid readers along their personal journeys toward grasping the heart and roots of Japanese literary foundations, collaborative writing and pleasurably linking verses…

## Disclaimer

This anthology has been curated by someone relatively new to the discipline of *haikai*, described by certain personages as a 'SELF-ASSURED ARSEHOLE' who 'NEEDS TO READ MORE' theory, has often incensed folks for irresponsibly 'THROWING AROUND JAPANESE TERMS'. These allegations are warranted enough, and while unrepentant, I highly encourage readers to seek out qualified, accredited sources — ***see listings on the copyright page*** — who have discussed these topics, ideas and concepts more knowledgeably with greater exactitude and depth across the vast body of criticism related to Asian poetics, much of which is available online, and more in print, through resources such as the **Haiku Foundation**, **Graceguts**, in essays and commentary about the pages of fine publications like ***Fireflies' Light***, ***Frogpond***, ***Haiku Canada***, ***Pan Haiku Review***, ***Presence***, ***Ribbons***, ***Seashores, tsuri-dōrō*** and ***Wales Haiku Journal***—not to mention the informative monthly mailings which represent but one valuable benefit of membership (available domestically and internationally) to the **Haiku Society of America**. The perspectives and opinions, conclusions and assertions espoused herein are our own, just some enthusiastic intermediate *haijin* and aspiring ambassadors, admittedly possessing limited exposure to the troves of classical verses out there, a fraction of which have made the journey to ours from a native language the majority of us are not fluent in. A grain of salt is recommended, nay always imperative.

*Just some gits!*
*Mistrust us, much as*
*everyone else.*

Renku Tenets

# DOG-TOOTH VIOLETS

**Nicholas Klacsanzky**
WASHINGTON

&

***Jerome Berglund***
*MINNESOTA*

forest creek . . .
listening to the hum
of ancestors

*plastic over grass*
*bricked down*

marking
the mass grave . . .
smoldering sage

*catching up*
*with a poltergeist*
*sandy mound*

pebble tide . . .
wind between letters of a name

*at last*
*they're taking that tree*
*in the road*

kitchen doorway
the scent of dill flowers
awakens the senses

*fresh herbed drizzle*
*on a salmon filet*

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Linda Ludwig***
*FLORIDA*

## Meet Our Hokku Editor

**Shane Coppage** is a poet and artist. His writing has been published in ***Prune Juice, Whiptail, Humana Obscura, dadakuku, Trash Panda, The Heron's Nest, Modern Haiku, Wales Haiku Journal, Wee Sparrow Press,*** and ***Cold Moon Journal***, among others. Coppage lives in Cincinnati, Ohio with his growing family.

*On a pedestal the hokku exemplifies everything a haiku is expected to be in its ideal application. Seasonality and an explicit cutaway must. Tradition also dictates a disguised nod alluding to the participants in and moderator overseeing gathering's charged festivities.*

# Hokku

## Winter

snow trail
the titmice peck
a hand full of nuts

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

crackling fire
one after the other
coyotes call

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

stay at home moon
my grandparents travel
to change channels

**Adele Evershed**
CONNECTICUT

## COMMENTARY

**Where is the moon's home? The night sky perhaps; is it a particular lunar phase? Evershed's *ku* opens with this unique fragment. Giving us a personified moon seeking shelter in something familiar. Grandparents, like the moon, have traveled through phases: childhood to adolescence, adulthood to middle-age, and so on. This *ku*'s phrase ties the moon imagery to the poet's grandparents who also travel while staying home. This parallel deepens the intrigue of the opening line while also solidifying it through contrast and personal association. Within familiar walls, television is a gateway to living memory. Past, present, future are just a click away. With ease, grandparents can travel time and space across broadcast TV into cable, and finally the global currents of streaming. This haiku reminds us that we can see the world without leaving our front door. Which isn't lunacy, but true now more than ever.** - SC

## Commentary

**Clichés have their origins in truth. The early bird gets the worm is one that comes to mind after experiencing Mishra's playful haiku. The phrase here is broken up, leaving the opening of "before" to ring its syllables in our minds like a pair of notes before dropping to the second line to completely reveal the image of the seasonal thaw. In an inspired structural choice, it is this line that pulls the eye to the right, perhaps to mimic the slow speed of the melt. The poem closes with a one-word fragment, revealing what is there even before the dawn and the coming thaw — robins. The earliest of birds, indeed! Biswajit Mishra has written a charming poem. One that proves a cliché can be given new life just like the world in spring.** - SC

before
even the thaw
robins

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

## Spring

four winds are calling
a xerophilous dancer
swaying in the light

**Pat Ward**
MASSACHUSETTS

baby's smile
march rains
bring primroses

**Jahnavi Gogoi**
ONTARIO

# Escape

**M.R. Defibaugh**
Virginia

&

***Christina Chin***
*Borneo*

how do we
birds have such
light frames

*upside down a red*
*sunbird on white orchids*

street vendor
an ivory figurine
around her neck

*ringing drilbu bell*
*the long echo*
*Om-like*

in a hand mirror
her emptiness

*meditating*
*flashes of enlightenment*
*tourist camera*

scouts camp –
under the tree shade
a herd of wild boar

*the missing akela*
*found selling truffles*

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Robert Kingston***
*ENGLAND*

*Beyond the premiere installment the fusen transitions into Venn diagram overlays beginning with the sophomore outing.*

*This bridge verse is distinctive for its closer connection to its upstairs neighbor than the hirakuto follow. Whether that means adjusting our variable zoom lens to a shorter or longer focal length.*

## Meet Our Wakiku Editor

**MICHELE RULE** IS A DISABLED WRITER FROM KELOWNA BC. SHE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN TOPICS OF CHRONIC ILLNESS, RELATIONSHIPS AND NATURE. MICHELE IS PUBLISHED IN THE *ASAHI SHIMBUN, PINE CONE REVIEW,* THE *ENCHANTED GARDEN, FIVE MINUTE LIT, SHADOW POND, WORDCITYLIT*, AND THE ANTHOLOGIES F*CK THE PATRIARCHY, CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SOUL, AND TO LIVE HERE, AMONG OTHERS. SHE IS AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE **LEAGUE OF CANADIAN POETS** AND **HAIKU CANADA**. MICHELE HAS BEEN AWARDED HONORABLE MENTION TWICE FOR THE *VANCOUVER CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL HAIKU INVITATIONAL* AND ALSO FOR THE *HAIKU NORTHWEST PORAD AWARD*. HER FIRST CHAPBOOK IS AROUND THE WORLD IN FIFTEEN HAIKU. MICHELE LIVES IN A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE WHO LOVE HER JUST THE WAY SHE IS.

# Wakiku

cold wind sneaking through
the window's gaps

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

logs burn
smudges of charcoal

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
CALIFORNIA

*January sky*
*trying to shine through*
*clouds of my mind*

**Michele Rule**
BRITISH COLUMBIA

frost on the window
looking in looking out

**Kathy Watts**
CALIFORNIA

## COMMENTARY

**I really like the way this introduces a detail ('frost on…window') that fits so well with the possibility of location of the *hokku* and the reflection of the sun looking in and the author looking out. It was a difficult choice - so many great entries!** - MR

## Commentary

**This *wakiku* took the *hokku* into a different direction than I expected! I love the play from the first snowfall to our ancestors sitting around a fire in their cave - maybe their very first fire and their very first snow. What did they think; what kinds of stories did they make up to explain what was happening around them? Well done, petro c.k.** - MR

ancestral stories
frozen in time

**petro c.k.**
WASHINGTON

*first snowfall*
*faces reflect*
*the firelight*

**Michele Rule**
BRITISH COLUMBIA

tire tracks made in the snow
when you left

**Aaron Bowker**
NEW YORK

elders address
ancient spirits

**John Chmura**
NEW JERSEY

# DISPERSION

**Sarang Bhand**
INDIA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

I painted autumn
in monochrome brown
how foolish of me!

*EnChroma moments*
*at the traffic lights*

colourful crossing
child holding balloons
five rupee a piece

*unsightly plastics*
*of all colours choke*
*the river mouth*

ochre water from rusty tap
dystopian prophesy

*a farm duck*
*for whatever reason*
*in the well*

becoming lost
when everything seems foreign
caught in downpour

*after office crowd*
*at the station*

**Andrew Brindle**
TAIWAN

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

*The youngest sibling of our opening triplet, the daisan is quite a wild child! Imagine in star wars making that jump to light speed, or star trek's engaging one's warp drive. This represents the first of many jarring shifts the kasen takes us on, we might envision each as a step drop or incline on a thrilling bicycle course!*

# Meet Our Daisan Editor

**KJMUNRO LIVES IN YUKON, CANADA, ON THE TRADITIONAL TERRITORIES OF THE KWANLIN DÜN FIRST NATION & THE TA'AN KWÄCH 'ÄN COUNCIL. SHE IS THE RECIPIENT OF THE 2023 BOREALIS PRIZE – THE COMMISIONER OF YUKON AWARD FOR LITERARY CONTRIBUTION. SHE FACILITATES 'SOLSTICE HAIKU', A MOTHLY HAIKU DISCUSSION GROUP IN WHITEHORSE, AND SHE CURATES A WEEKLY BLOG FEATURE FOR THE HAIKU FOUNDATION. HER DEBUT POETRY COLLECTION IS CONTRACTIONS (RED MOON PRESS, 2019).**

# Daisan

dusting off
the teapot
as water boils

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

all the candles
flicker
until they dim

**C.X. Turner**
ENGLAND

*snow-covered branches*
*waving welcome*

**kjmunro**
YUKON

clouds
part slowly
as they drift

**C.X. Turner**
ENGLAND

## COMMENTARY

**I especially like the tone, the calm feeling I get from the verse, which I think works well at the beginning of a renku. For some reason, I like the word "part" as it makes me think of branches parting. The word "drift" also brings snow to mind. The link to the wind, which is not directly mentioned in either verse, also works for me.** - KM

# Commentary

**I think the image of people leaving in different directions after a service or gathering ties very well with both snowflakes & the refraction of light. The suggestion of death should be approached carefully though, especially early in a renku.** - KM

cemetery gate
friends and family
scatter

**Emil Karla**
France

*snowflakes multiply*
*a ray of sunshine*

**kjmunro**
Yukon

the evergreen
sway gently
as they bend

**C.X. Turner**
England

a mystery
in the door crack
chirps

**Christina Chin**
Borneo

# IT GOES ON…

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Zoe Grant***
*NEW ZEALAND*

**Sherry Grant**
NEW ZEALAND

visit grandma
the smell of crispy
dumplings

*swimming in*
*warm milk*

neighbour' cat
these new heels
rub my feet

stretching
another cockatoo
from nowhere

broken broom
the witch hails a taxi

*magic book*
*she passes to me*
*her best recipes*

elevated
random thoughts
hanging in mid-air

*the sunset silhouette*
*of a tree hammock*

**Paul Callus**
MALTA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

*Bringing up the rear, essential linchpin closer on our flip cup team. The agile cutting a tangible aspect of rebirth and subtly reflects cyclical rigors of existence in life always being set at spring and following a floral verge. One might infer a veritable world in encompassing all of existence, both across the length of a year and in truncated, magnified proxy miniature via the final pair of stanzas.*

## Meet Our Ageku Editor

**NANCY BRADY** IS A PHARMACIST BY VOCATION AND A POET BY AVOCATION. HER MAIN LITERARY FOCUS IS JAPANESE SHORT POETRY FORMS WITH HER HAIKU AND SENRYU HAVING BEEN PUBLISHED IN JOURNALS AROUND THE WORLD. SHE HAS BRANCHED OUT INTO RENGAY AND RENKU, AND SHE HAS COLLABORATED WITH POETS INCLUDING EAVONKA ETTINGER, HASSANE ZEMMOURI, GARRY GAY, RICHARD TICE, MARK SCOTT, MELISSA LEMAY, JEROME BERGLUND, SHERRY AND ZOE GRANT. THROUGH THE HAIKU FOUNDATION SHE PARTICIPATED IN THE RENKU SESSIONS, HAVING VERSES SELECTED IN SEVERAL. IN 2023 SHE BECAME AN AUTHOR OF A CHILDREN'S BOOK, THE ADVENTURES OF ALOYSIUS, CATALOGUED IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

# Ageku

following a trail
of fallen petals
lost again in a crowd

**Jahnavi Gogoi**
ONTARIO

light drizzle
oyster sauce
on asparagus

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

*viewing sakura*
*in Kyoto*

**Nancy Brady**
OHIO

reciting
poems at the
hanami festival

**Melissa Dennison**
ENGLAND

## COMMENTARY

**It connects the hanami festival to viewing cherry blossoms in Kyoto and that festival happens in spring all over Japan. It may link a little closely, but the idea of reading poems, likely haiku and tanka, seems a fitting close to this renku.** - NB

## Commentary

**It links to the previous verse, also perhaps a bit snugly, but the action is in the future when the rider has grown confident in her skills. It shows such a joyful action (speeding downhill) that the bicyclist is now taking flight (has wings), much as the Wright Brothers must have felt in the transition from bicycles to their first glider at Kitty Hawk.** - NB

speeding downhill
she grows a pair of wings

**Jahnavi Gogoi**
Ontario

*first bike ride*
*without training wheels*
*cherry blossoms in her hair*

**Nancy Brady**
Ohio

fog limpid enough
to see the curve in the road

**James Penha**
Indonesia

lulling her to sleep
antique sony radio

**Christina Chin**
Borneo

# SOUTHWARD

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

&

***Sharron Ferrante***
*FLORIDA*

ducks leaving
the pond now left
to poplar leaves

*a white squirrel*
*looks for his reflection*

harvest party
running low
on peanuts

*autumn dress*
*I catch her*
*changing*

her smile at the table
a half-eaten pumpkin pie

*finally home*
*the scarecrow tips his hat*
*to the moon*

grandpa's village
the palms bent
with years

*a book collects itself*
*gathering roots*

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

&

***Kathryn Reese***
*AUSTRALIA*

*Flowers, conventionally cherry blossoms (specifically '**hana**' for the real stalkers), are an equally essential kasen staple, placed strategically at the penultimate verses preceding the halfway point and the grand finale.*

## Meet Our Flowers Editor

**Isabella Mori** loves collaboration and is grateful to Orrin Prejean for introducing them to kasen. They are the author of three books of and about poetry, including Not So Pretty Haiku. Publications have been in ***Cutting Letters*** anthology, ***Presence, Kingfisher***, etc. A sequence about Gaza with kjmunro, Jerome Berglund, Michele Rule and John Green was recently published in ***Prune Juice***.

# Flowers

cherry blossoms
for a piece of advice
just cherry blossom

**Lakshmi Iyer**
INDIA

in a tiny crack
hope
blooms

**Susan Andrews**
CALIFORNIA

*drying my tears*
*after the river's death*

**Isabella Mori**
BRITISH COLUMBIA

welling up
in a dreamscape
cherry blossom

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERT

## COMMENTARY

**The link and shift from "tears" to "welling up" is both natural and creative. Now that the tears are dried, other things can well up. There is a softness in "welling." It makes me think of waves (on a river?), and on the crest of that wave floats a cherry blossom. The thematic and grammatical cut between "dreamscape" and "cherry blossom" is gentle yet surprising and imaginative, just like in a dream.** - IM

## Commentary

**Yes, waiting for menses. And waiting. And waiting. Is there a bud already forming in the womb? And if that bud was not hoped for at this time, how much thunder can it bring into one's life! The thunder of changed plans, of difficult decisions, and if the bud grows into a little person, the thunder of a baby's cries. So much said in these six words. Wonderful linking and shifting; not even a shifting away, but a shift in focus, perhaps even a clarification: *aah, that's what the thunder is about.* The cut between the two lines is a tad more than minimal but is softened by the image of something small and tender:** a bud**. - IM**

cherry buds
my period still late…

**Adele Eversheed**
Connecticut

*and then the waiting*
*and the waiting*
*while thunder rolls*

**Isabella Mori**
British Columbia

petals drifting
over broken glass

**C.X. Turner**
England

sweet pea tendrils
the cry of a newborn

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
California

# Home Again

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Sherry Grant***
*NEW ZEALAND*

chatty reunion
the thunder moon
quietly shines

*showing off*
*the biggest rock*

on the radio
my grand aunt's
favourite duet

*the smell*
*from the kitchen…*
*stealing a bite*

children's squeals
squeezing sticky mochi

*extra spicy –*
*all the latest*
*gossips*

a cloak of gold
over the rolling Steppe
high sky of autumn

*acoustics of the valley*
*amplifies the river's song*

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Sarang Bhand***
*INDIA*

## Meet Our Moon Editor

**PETRO C.K.** IS BASED IN THE AGGRESSIVE GREENERY OF SEATTLE, AND GATHERS NO MOSS. HE IS THE FOUNDING EDITOR OF THE EXPERIMENTAL MICROPOETRY JOURNAL *DADAKUKU*, DJ'S GOTH MUSIC, DESIGNS FLYERS AND ALBUM COVERS, PAINTS, DRAWS CARTOONS, CREATES EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC AND PERFORMANCE ART, AMONG OTHER PURSUITS. HE'S ONLY BEEN WRITING HAIKU FOR A COUPLE YEARS BUT HAS QUICKLY ACCUMULATED A SIZABLE PORTFOLIO OF ESTEEMED JOURNAL APPEARANCES AND AWARD NOMINATIONS, WINNING FIRST PLACE IN THIS YEAR'S *H. GENE MURTHA MEMORIAL SENRYU* CONTEST, AND HAS TWO BOOKS OUT THIS YEAR. HE HAS COLLABORATED EXTENSIVELY WITH JEROME BERGLUND ON A SERIES OF TAN-RENGA FOCUSED ON ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES, AMONG OTHER SOCIO-POLITICAL CONCERNS.

*How many haiku should involve the moon? Perhaps one in twelve? In the four moons appear three times, bookending the construction in the middle of autumn and near the center of another alternate season different from the one from which the haiku is set.*

# Moon

sturgeon moon
fish are swimming
in the clouds

**Voima Oy**
ILLINOIS

bottled lunar glow
hidden in silo straw
a bootleg drink

**Karen Pierce Gonzalez**
CALIFORNIA

*nuzzling her calf*
*a cow with a number*

**petro c.k.**
WASHINGTON

moon pies
a little more darkness
in my dessert

**Luke Brannon**
WASHINGTON

## COMMENTARY

**A mother tries to comfort her offspring, but in the shift, the comfort and sweetness of dessert often provided by our own mothers is tainted with the knowledge – that we usually don't wish to acknowledge – of where our food comes from and how it gets to us.** - PK

# Commentary

**A masterful completion of a melancholic scene throughout, including an allusion to a waning moon which symbolizes surrender, introspection, and self-reflection. The scene of this untold story shifts from the kitchen, perhaps escaping some unknown tension, to the bathroom, a place often used as a private respite or for confessional rumination.** - PK

a half moon melting
into the urinal

**John Hawkhead**
England

*a fly circles*
*over a kitchen sink*
*full of regrets*

**petro c.k.**
Washington

a bonfire smolders
through the moon gate

**Adele Evershed**
Connecticut

falling leaves
i turn away from the moon

**Isabella Mori**
British Columbia

# HOME GROWN

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Geoff Pope***
*KENTUCKY*

**Robert Kingston**
ENGLAND

wind in dry leaves
the dinner bell calls
us home

*first to reach the porch*
*our dog Duncan*

closet skeleton
the wishbone wish
still pending

open door the scent
of fresh evidence

*mother's surprise*
*a pie with mystery fruit*
*every plate licked clean*

tardiness marked…
a second bowl of soap suds

Alau Dam break
a sudden spill
of tears

*i watch the banks*
*collapse*

**Uchechukwu Onyedikam**
NIGERIA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

*In our matryoshka doll inception framework the love sestina further sandwich the nuptial nonuplet haiku cluster of our kasen, comprising an impressive six thoracic kasen verticals, perhaps suggesting, we might infer a robust sixth of our micropoems would logically explore important topics relating to?*

# Meet Our Love Editor

**PIPPA PHILLIPS** IS A HAIKANARCHIST, RECOVERING ACADEMIC, COMIC DABBLER, AND FICTIONALIST. FIND HER ON TWITTER AND TIKTOK AND PICK UP HER GLORIOUS ***RAINBOW*** SERIES OF LITTLE BOOKS AND STICKER SHEETS AT KO-FI! SHE HAS PUBLISHED COLLABORATIVE LINKED FORM POETRY IN *FAILED HAIKU*, *SCARLET DRAGONFLY*, AND *OTOROSHI* WHERE SHE WAS AWARDED IN THEIR ANNUAL RENGAY CONTEST.

# Love

as her phone dies
her mother whispers
we'll adopt another

**Roberta Beach Jacobson**
IOWA

distant lightning
memories
of rain

**Voima Oy**
ILLINOIS

*unnoticed in snowlight*
*until now...*

**Pippa Phillips**
MISSOURI

the careful gaze
of the father
at the playground

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

## COMMENTARY

**This was probably a difficult prompt, as I've hidden the word 'owl' in the duostitch. For this reason, I like the reverberating gaze of this piece, and the unspecified recipient of it.** - PP

# Commentary

**In renga, the link is often easier than the shift. Of all the contributions, I enjoyed how much this poem shifted us– from first person to second, from outside to inside, and from seasonal autumn to the winter of a lifetime.** - PP

in the hospice room
they put their beds together

**Melissa Dennison**
England

*first leaf*
*falling*
*into my neighbor's yard*

**Pippa Phillips**
Missouri

the endless pining
in cicada love song

**Christina Chin**
Borneo

our dogs touch noses
through the fence

**Kimberly Kuchar**
Texas

# The Fast Smoking Chants

**Uchechukwu Onyedikam**
NIGERIA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

Makoto fishing
the tattered boy
casts a net

*fresh seafood*
*at the fish market*

drizzling
the corridor
wet with footprints

*darkened sky*
*a late night tea*
*on the veranda*

kerosene light
the eyes of Orunmila

*guiding*
*the way beyond*
*the stars*

*Background verses are the mortar which holds a great kasen wall together. Ironically by modest scope and confident subtlety (like punchy prose of hardboiled modern authors) they can affect readers equally powerfully to more grandiloquent competitors, and like Yoga & bugs or snails provide uncanny run for money. An industry standard, familiar trick in film editing exploits the latter's performance appears paradoxically. Like the natural static charm of novices without classical cutting and method performers, youthful or emerging writers yet to pick up pratfalls and learn bad habits are particularly efficient employing this curious psychological phenomenon relating to value inherent in scarcity: when cutting a comparison the legs you show are part*

spring equinox
the delicate balance
of a seesaw

*a circus clown teaching*
*kids how to juggle*

**Eavonka Ettinger**
CALIFORNIA

&

***Robert Kingston***
*ENGLAND*

# Meet Our Ground Editor

**JEROME BERGLUND** HAS SHARED GROUND VERSES IN ALL THE HAIKU MARKETS THAT AREN'T BOURGEOIS. HE LEARNED ABOUT THE WONDERS OF COLLABORATIVE **SPLIT SEQUENCES** FROM ***POETRY PEA***, **TAN-RENGA** VIA INCREDIBLE RESPONSIVE JOINT EFFORTS BETWEEN ***CHRISTINA CHIN*** AND ***UCHECHUKWU ONYEDIKAM***, **RENGAY** AT THE LIFE-CHANGING INTERNATIONAL GATHERINGS ORCHESTRATED BY ***SHERRY GRANT***, HAS HAD THE GREAT PRIVILEGE AND PLEASURE OF WRITING TOGETHER WITH SOME VERY TALENTED ADMIRED FRIENDS NEAR AND FAR. ***ISABELLA MORI*** INTRODUCED HIM TO THE GLORIES OF **RENKU** COMPOSITION, HE IS VERY GRATEFUL TO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN A PEACE **KASEN** WITH EXTRAORDINARY PARTNERS WHICH WAS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN ***PRUNE JUICE*** JOURNAL.

# Ji

new shoots
on the pruned
apple tree

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

all the blood
no longer running
in the poppy field

**Hege A. Jakobsen Lepri**
NORWAY

*cauterizing*
*his sword arm*

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

the unused sleeve
perfectly pressed
and pinned

**petro c.k.**
WASHINGTON

## COMMENTARY

**In micropoetry less is frequently more, as with gravity and reserve the poet demonstrates his range remarkably here, complementing a loud, violent, messy vignette with one of the calmest, most refined and measured images, harrowing and poignant continuations you'll encounter in these pages. Via deft alliteration and studied precision a polaroid, an oil painting, a static frame of celluloid worth a thousand syllables emerges like a phoenix. Fraternal twins have never balanced each other more conducively, creating a *pousse-café* expertly layering spirits of disparate viscosities!** - JB

# Commentary

**Fae takes a potentially highly grim premise and via artful application of gallows humor elevates amalgam to the next level with this fabulously facetious and satiric take showcasing the potency of the *senryu* spirit in playful *kasen* architecture! A very modern feeling verse perfectly suited for our internet epoch, this makes an initiated member of electronic pop counterculture think of versatile viral memes (*something season words function not dissimilarly to in practice, interestingly*), a frog sipping tea, crabs dancing irreverently, the reaper knocking... a lampooning which does the art, would make pillars of *haikai* proud!** - JB

morning coffee reading
yesterday's news

**dusty fae**
FLORIDA

*alone*
*and unmourned*
*passing gas*

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

in the stillness
a yellow leaf falls

**Voima Oy**
ILLINOIS

at risk
everything

**Roberta Beach Jacobson**
IOWA

# Waiting for Dessert

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
California

&

***Christina Chin***
*Borneo*

stone dropped
ripples spread far
the shimmer of the moon

*table linen stained*
*with coffee and wine*

aftermath
always laundry
crumbs between sheets

*after dishes*
*the offended ants*
*up my hands*

an aardvark
searching in the night

*waters edge*
*the reflection red*
*poplar trees*

full moon –
Oh's
of admiration

*the golden hindwings*
*of a tiger moth*

**Kim Olmtak Gomes**
SURINAME

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

## Meet Our Pattern Editor

**MARJORIE PEZZOLI** IS A SILK PAINTER, VISUAL ARTIST, STORYTELLER, AND POET. HER WRITINGS DEAL WITH GRIEF, HOPE, COSMIC WONDERS, AND STUFF THAT CATCHES HER EYE. HER POETRY HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN NUMEROUS ANTHOLOGIES SINCE 2019. MANY OF HER WORKS ARE INSPIRED BY HER PHOTOGRAPHIC OBSERVATIONS TAKEN WHILE WALKING BEAU, THE DOG WITH BETTY DAVIS EYES. MARJORIE LOOKS FOR WORDS THAT ARE WORTH A THOUSAND IMAGES.

*Pattern verses are the flashy, attention-grabbing, glamorous showstoppers, exclamation points, question marks, whose soundtrack music might scroll, cue sting, audiences grasp, guitars shriek or sob. If every verse were this type they would lose individual luster and each should cease to be admirable by constant competition, rather by exercising restraint and a firm grasp of subtlety and demand, by dimming flourishes intrinsically they may be properly appreciated and savored.*

# Mon

early sun beams
between the barnboards
hens roosting

**Lafcadio**
TENNESSEE

blowing smoke rings
our last conversation
disappears into the shadows

**Jahnavi Gogoi**
ONTARIO

*cloud curtains*
*part*

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
CALIFORNIA

bright sunshine beams down
over dandelion field
enhancing yellows

**Veronica Hosking**
ARIZONA

## COMMENTARY

**Dandelions are not weeds, their jinny joe seeds carry our wishes far and wide. This spotlighted golden carpet invites the viewer to run barefoot through this field. Joy is highlighted in these three lines.** - MP

# Commentary

**Flowers turn into ballerinas like a Degas painting. Her two lines paint the canvas elegantly. The shelf becomes a place of rest. She will always be ready to dance.** - MP

her pointe shoes
on a shelf

**Kimberly Kuchar**
Texas

*trained*
*wildflowers long*
*for meadow*

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
California

at the forgotten bog's fallow rim
asphodel and swamp pink rise

**John Chmura**
New Jersey

colour caged by fences
roots push through the stone

**C.X. Turner**
England

# PERHAP*SEDLY*

**John Thompson**
CALIFORNIA
&
***Marcyn Del Clements***
*CALIFORNIA*

Liltingly Emily
Hides Easter Eggs–for Ages Hence
To Find and Milt

*a Mermaid in the Garden*
*and Zero at the Bone*

Forked Dance of Truth
Rising from Exotic Baskets
With every Note of her Lute

*but Tell this Slant*
*it only takes a Bee*
*a Bee and Revelry*

Rhymes that Wander thru Elfin Mines
Inside all Space, Outside all Tyme

*Some things that fly be–*
*Birds – Hours – the Bumble bee –*
*That has Gone Wildly!*

orographic storm
wind-whipped trees translate
nature's voice

*shared secrets lie*
*in the cradle of peaks*

**Aaron Bowker**
NEW YORK

&

***C.X. Turner***
*ENGLAND*

*Close linking evokes the initial response at the opening of a haiga in its not straying too far from the partner image, whether that applies concretely to season and setting or figuratively in terms of the angles from which it recedes. This is an intimate bond, covalent, a slow dance pressed together holding each other close or a tango bumping and grinding.*

# Shinku

all over
the morning floor
tiny wings

**Vipanjeet Kaur**
INDIA

summer storms
the wind calls my name
from the trees

**Lydia Derby**
OHIO

*the lit room where insects*
*are drawn at night*

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

summer heat
intensified by
humid breath

**Sarang Bhand**
INDIA

## COMMENTARY

**From many exquisite options Bhand distinguished himself by coloring 'in the lines' of the question verse, yet pivoting meaningfully for answer stanza inward, fleshing out and filling in vivid sensory details, building upon, enhancing mood and tone simultaneously. The author also admirably accomplishes *renku* feat of transmitting content in tercet across three lines, smoothly broken, without overtly cutting, always an impressive coup!** - JB

## Commentary

**A superb example of linking closely (as with a *wakiku*) but also demonstrating the prerequisite shift so important to transitioning between *hiraku* stanzas. Like cinematic equivalents such as the more subtle zoom in or out, pan or tilt, boom up, dolly tracking or trucking shots (and racking of focus!) this verse feels the most plausibly overlapping in, could conceivably share and cohabit time and space of its predecessor, but also the poet introduces new intriguing information and advances the plot and momentum of montage compellingly in fresh directions!** - JB

yellow warblers
take flight

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
California

*leaf falls*
*a speeding car blows it*
*back up*

**Jerome Berglund**
Minnesota

the night chill
colors the maples

**Nancy Brady**
Ohio

fresh colors
on the roadside grave

**petro c.k.**
Washington

# Candle Smoke

**John Thompson**
California

&

***Garry Gay***
*California*

rainbow meltdown
stepdad's gag candles snuff out
my birthday wish

*pop-pop-popping*
*all the balloon animals*

no tip
the clown's frown
beneath its smile

*with a hard swing*
*of the baseball bat*
*broken piñata*

stealth snatch clean getaway
beagle grabs a goodie bag

*she leaves her number*
*on the party napkin…*
*lipstick kiss*

windowsill cyclamen
for my admirers
wolf whistles

*retrieving scattered offerings*
*by their stems*

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

&

***Jerome Berglund***
*MINNESOTA*

*On the other hand distant rumble linking maintaining a fair amount of separation. perhaps*
*strolling moves from outside to inside ( / out of body. towards inner mind?) or vice versa. This is*
*circa the sixth degree from Kevin Bacon. meeting across from an inmate with the loud reminders of no-touching.*
*a burlesque dancer patron clouds can only simulate rain for from a reasonable professional remove.*

# Soku

the comfort
of the freezer
in the convenience store

**Melissa Dennison**
ENGLAND

the shriek
of a neighbor's kid
in the sprinkler

**Kimberly Kuchar**
TEXAS

*from the window*
*a certain whistle*

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

grandmother
still won't let go
of her tea

**Hege A. Jakobsen Lepri**
NORWAY

## COMMENTARY

**In fine remote form response moves from exterior to interior, omniscient to interpersonal, with marvelous aural linking to the kettle sound, and emerging from Covid era that indelible image of quarantined seniors staring out portholes still resonates for so many of us in collective subconscious. Yet here we find a touching, endearing moment, rich in *karumi*, through heat wave the plucky irrepressible subject provides much needed dose of inspiration, warming of heart cockles unexpectedly, in charming union!** - JB

# Commentary

**Linkages via the senses can proffer some of the most innovative and captivating means of binding passages together, and Grace's eloquent riffing functions twofold here along threads both concrete (*the sound of frozen surface splintering equating to a lonesome mouth organ*) and metaphorical (*breaking>broke, spectacular!*) accomplishing so much with commendable brevity! The way this response connects along multiple clear and tangible axes makes it a noteworthy specimen of close correspondence, even if the lower phrase may not as feasibly be occurring at the same spatial stage or temporal instant as its tango partner, accompanying other half of the yin-yang coin.** - JB

a beggar's mournful
harmonica

**Grace Mckie**
England

*cracks in ice*
*radiate*
*from the dock*

**Jerome Berglund**
Minneapolis

newt's winter bed
tucked in a frozen stream

**Aaron Bowker**
New York

the winter sun splattered
through monstera leaves

**Rupa Anand**
India

# EAR, TO BONE

**Shane Coppage**
OHIO

&

***Jerome Berglund***
*MINNESOTA*

senescent fields
kneeling down
a deer cries out

*reading by*
*the foxfire*

family tree
rising up
holler moth flutters

*sun drying*
*what an owl*
*spat out*

sidehill church
losing its cross

*pointing*
*with the*
*paring knife*

Agégé motor park
desperate parlance
mama sings

*the chorus*
*of Aguégué Motor Road*

**Uchechukwu Onyedikam**
NIGERIA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

*We present and practice this feature of Jane Reichhold's kasen blueprint schematic, plausibly instituted to ensure duly each variety-time dusted to-tis and thru-line verses, also to highlight the comparabilities and compatibility between a pair of stanzas and the* **taiku**/**motsu** *form which long reigned before haiku eclipsed it. This raises intriguing questions about cutting upper/lower phrases, and the role, utility of pivot lines in contexts of collaborative poetry.*

# Twofer

*leaves fall and fall*
*on the car wreck*

first semester
class notes piling up
on the desk

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

twenty years
without opening
the moonroof

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNEAPOLIS

*press red maple leaf*
*between dusty old pages*

couple on porch swing
stay warm under grandma's quilt
watching leaf pile burn

**Veronica Hosking**
ARIZONA

*relocated from*
*hell to purgatory*

spring breeze
and light
my new rellies

**Vipanjeet Kaur**
INDIA

## COMMENTARY

**Truly an inspired choice of topic for '*humorous linked verse*', Dante's divine comedy, and Kaur condenses the epic poem and its entailed hero's journey across disparate contiguous realms bordering one another as celestial sequence into two stanzas quite astoundingly! The rollercoaster ride from misery to great company has a meta, almost reflexive aspect to it too, fantastically invoking the time honored renga tradition of winking self-reference and illustrating this form's flexibility for emotional fluctuating between tones and genres on par with gems of the Bollywood cinema!** - JB

# Commentary

**Such an ingenious combination and allegory, both in terms of the literal environmental manifestation, or wooing and its equivalents as microcosmic depiction of the *kukai*/matching contests, ekphrastic/responsive poetry processes and reception by writing partner and reader both! The liminal situating of second half of this lyrical duo, its sagacious acknowledging, in context of fleeting mortality on Sagan's** 'pale blue dot' **the ephemeral, cyclical nature of our ever-shifting, impermanent present (again approximated in the *renku*'s tap-dance back and forth between distant poles) marvelously pays homage and articulates the spiritual foundations energizing eastern poetics and infusing them with thought-provoking realizations and epiphanies!** - JB

*which blossoms*
*will attract the most bees*

spring noontime
reminds one
of warmer days to come

**Nancy Brady**
OHIO

not
sakura season
yet

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

*carousel speeds up*
*fingers for the ring*

in the wind
dandelions oscillate
but silently

**James Penha**
INDONESIA

*every breeze*
*a color*

fresh bud
on the branch
spring's promise

**Nitu Yumnam**
INDIA

# Contrapuntal Variations

# Meet Our Rengay Editor

**John Thompson** has been writing haiku for 40 years and rengay for 30 years. He is retired and lives in Sonoma, California where he enjoys all sorts of nature-based activities including hiking, gardening, paddleboarding and wine tasting. The first rengay to be published was '**Between Storms**' by John Thompson and Garry Gay, in the Romanian journal *Albatros/Albatross* in 1993.

## Commentary

***What's Left*** **is exceptionally effective in writing between the verses. The flow is nearly seamless. I mean if you read the "**neighboring lines**" of each verse together they make a compelling group of two liners in themselves!**

"and watch the skies / in a dying world"
"I cling to this small light / her smile"
"in her palm / thinning hair"
""weave lullabies / constellations leading us"
"to a distant land / rockets of dust"
**(and the last line of the ageku linking back to the first line of the hokku)**
"a green shoot / advance warning"

**Wow! This is collaborative poetry at its best! I bow in gratitude and wonder for the opportunity to witness such graceful transitions. And each verse of the rengay is a flawless desolate standalone haiku as well. Great title too, not telling too much nor too little, but drawing the reader in like a thought sputtering Black Hole muttering hopeful, truthful, thought-echoes into a sad sabi world… but at least it's our sad sabi world …Well done Kimberly and C.X.!** - JT

# What's Left

**Kimberly Kuchar**
Texas

&

***C.X. Turner***
*England*

advance warning
I cuddle my dog
and watch the skies

*in a dying world*
*I cling to this small light*

her smile
one slice of orange
in her palm

*thinning hair*
*a mother's hands*
*weave lullabies*

constellations leading us
to a distant land

*pockets of dust*
*in the cracked earth*
*a green shoot*

## Commentary

*Of a Feather* is a dazzlingly fresh display of exploring the shadows of an old well tred theme in rengay (birds). Every verse feels resonantly universal and delightfully particular, with more than a touch of melancholy lurking, lurking, lurking everywhere. Power pivots, great title (familiar but not what you probably were expecting) raising avian morbidity to Dickinsonian heights and insights—moody and magnificently consistent in its funereal tone—by the end I am sure even the bluebird of happiness sings the blues sometimes. Thanks so much Annie and Eavonka for giving me a glimpse of what the Addams Family Aviary might look like! Eavonka's parrot verse is particularly original and a masterful example of how much story can be condensed in a single haiku, and so too is Annie's hokku! Thank you for bringing the bird world to life (and death) for us with your marvelously macabre rengay. - JT

# Of a Feather

**Annie Holdren**
California

&

***Eavonka Ettinger***
*California*

morning alarm
the mockingbird's song
replaced by a raspy crow

*buzzards circle*
*the dying town*

in dim light
a pale mask pivots…
barn owl

*childhood parrot*
*saw a jungle and flew ~*
*broken tv*

wrapped in linen strips
a mummified kestrel

*the greyest day*
*spotting a cardinal*
*in the snow*

chumming
for speckled trout
live baits

*trigger a frenzy*
*in early fall*

**Christian Chin**
BORNEO

&

***M.R. Defibaugh***
*VIRGINIA*

soldiers follow
orders to march over
cherry blossoms

*breaking the hearts*
*of veterans*

**M.R. Defibaugh**
VIRGINIA

&

***Christina Chin***
*BORNEO*

# Meet Our Tan-Renga Editor

**M.R. Defibaugh** has written over a thousand tan-renga with Christina Chin, the fruits of which have been prolifically published, with collected selections reviewable in six books available at ko-fi. Additionally, he's edited three renowned anthologies featuring collaborative tanka from writers around the world. A Virginia-based poet whose work is influenced by love, loss, disability, compassion for others and the environment, Defibaugh was diagnosed with Duchenne muscular dystrophy, suffers from progressive muscle loss and relies on a wheelchair. He has degrees in mathematical sciences, and operations management.

little else . . .
to fill the news
a robin at dawn

*finishing the last*
*clue in a crossword*

**Robert Kingston**
England

&

***Eavonka Ettinger***
*California*

## Commentary

**'Little else' is an outstanding collaboration with thoughtful linking between verses. There is also a pleasing variety of consonance woven throughout the poem. My grandma always started the day with a pot of coffee, a cigarette, and a crossword. Her morning crossword was as routine as the robin's song. Here, our narrator similarly begins their day. "Crossword" smartly links to "news," as they traditionally appear in newspapers, and the empty puzzle being completed mirrors the silence of the dawn being filled with the robin's song. Finishing the puzzle isn't outwardly celebrated. Instead, it feels like a distraction from life or from a news cycle full of nothing but increasing negativity. It is a relatable poem that celebrates the simplicity and comfort of routine.** - MD

## Commentary

**Here, the responding lines effectively expand the scene and direct our attention as a tranquil scene transforms into something almost surreal, a bridge, literally and figuratively. The ancient forest gives the reader a visual of light beaming through tall, old trees while the moon finally seems to envelop the landscape. The poem invites us into the scene as the soft light does the narrator, allowing us to cross the bridge together. It is an alluring collaboration, a fairy tale in five lines.** - MD

ancient forest
soft wavering light
welcomes me

*leaves cover a lake's*
*bridge to the moon*

**C.X. Turner**
England

&

***Aaron Bowker***
*New York*

# Group Kasen

# Frostings

## hokku

vast plain
the stars touch
autumn grasses

**Christina Chin**
BORNEO

## waka

*the many trails invisible*
*under the new moon*

**Emil Karla**
FRANCE

## daisan

mother lights
an oil lamp
in all four directions

**Lakshmi Iyer**
INDIA

*a brightness brimming*
*with molton gold*

**C.X. Turner**
ENGLAND

pumpkin soup
the full feeling
of her pregnant belly

**Adele Evershed**
CONNECTICUT

*new year dinner*
*a sink full of songs*

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

jo

my solo
the chorus
left drunk

**Biswajit Mishra**
ALBERTA

*empty vodka bottles*
*under the bed*

**Isabella Mori**
BRITISH COLUMBIA

D I V O R C E
Tammy Wynette
on the car radio

**Kimberly A. Horning**
FLORIDA

*still together*
*sharing an ice bath*

**John Hawkhead**
ENGLAND

last slice
only the child goes
to bed full

**Nitu Yumnam**
INDIA

*painting rainbows*
*run out of indigo*

**Marjorie Pezzoli**
CALIFORNIA

watching the moon
a firefly rides the
summer breeze

**Jahnavi Gogoi**
ONTARIO

*wood thrush seeks*
*forest shade to sing*

**James Penha**
INDONESIA

they can't afford
to repair the roof
yet it rains

**Roberta Beach Jacobson**
IOWA

*petrichor*
*admixed with mold*

**JL Huffman**
NORTH CAROLINA

early rose petals
raining into the birdbath
again and again

**Kathy Watts**
CALIFORNIA

*funky chairs reappear*
*outside the vintage store*

**petro c.k.**
WASHINGTON

rainy day crossword
an 8-letter word
for Thai spring festival

**petro c.k.**
WASHINGTON

*fruit clogs*
*the storm drain*

**Jerome Berglund**
MINNESOTA

concert tickets
in my pocket
the weekend unfolds

**Melissa Dennison**
ENGLAND

*no cash in wallet*
*bent edge of credit card*

**Shōnin**
TEXAS

frozen pipes
the slow crumbling
of certainties

**Hege A.J. Lepri**
NORWAY

*snowfall everywhere*
*a clean slate*

**Shane Coppage**
OHIO

up all night
the moonlight
on your sleeping face

**Voima Oy**
ILLINOIS

*bare feet outrun me*
*in dreaming meadows*

**John Chmura**
NEW JERSEY

two champagne flutes
clink many happy returns
redamancy

**Veronica Hosking**
ARIZONA

*the pianist's tunes*
*prolong the fizz*

**Vipanjeet Kaur**
INDIA

autumn moon casts
a tree's shadow over
fallen apples

**Aaron Bowker**
NEW YORK

*in afterglow the swim*
*in the lagoon*

**Nancy Brady**
OHIO

# kyū

one by one
he feeds her
pomegranate seeds

**Nancy Brady**
OHIO

*stained crimson*
*night spills on rug*

**Sarang Bhand**
INDIA

slamming the screen door
the wind bites at my ankles
like an old stray dog

**Lydia Derby**
OHIO

*I breeze in*
*wearing fuchsia beads*

**Rupa Anand**
INDIA

summon a storm
to scatter cherry blossom
and hailstones

**Kathryn Reese**
AUSTRALIA

## *agefu*

*spring silence*
*before flowers speak*

**Lafcadio**
TENNESSEE

## Contributors


**Anand, Rupa** - - - - - - - - India - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 51, 72

**Andrews, Susan** - - - - - - California - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 26

**Berglund, Jerome** - - - - - Minnesota - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 8, 38, 39, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 54, 55, 70

**Bhand, Sarang** - - - - - - - India - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 16, 29, 46, 72

**Bowker, Aaron** - - - - - - - New York - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 15, 45, 51, 65, 71

**Brady, Nancy** - - - - - - - - Ohio - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 22, 23, 47, 55, 71, 72

**Brannon, Luke** - - - - - - Washington - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 30

**Brindle, Andrew** - - - - - Taiwan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 17

**Callus, Paul** - - - - - - - - Malta - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 21

**Chin, Christina** - - - - - - - Borneo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19-23, 28, 29, 32, 33, 35, 36, 40, 41, 49, 53, 62, 67

**Chmura, John** - - - - - - - New Jersey - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 15, 43, 71

**c. k., petro** - - - - - - - - - Washington - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 15, 30, 31, 38, 47, 69, 70

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